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FOUND!

The Editor Heard From.

We publish the following atrocious rhymes, perpetrated by some ungrateful wretch who was lodged in an editor's bed one night during the absence of its rightful occupant:

I slept in an editor's bed last night,
And others may say what they please,
I say there's one editor in the world
That certainly takes his ease.

When I thought of my humble cot away,
I could not suppress a sigh;
But I thought, as I rolled in the feath'ry nest,
How easily editors "lie."

When the editor returned he picked up his "stick" and charged back upon the irreverent fellow as follows:

The chap whose "form" has rested here,
And left his "copy" behind,
For a bad "impression" should be "locked up"
As the "cut" is most unkind.

Behold a "proof" of "how he lies:"
In the morning he went away,
And like many that use an "editor's sheet,"
Has forgotten his bill to pay.

Miscellany.

The Duchess of Sutherland.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The late Duchess of Sutherland was one of those few individuals in this world who may be said in the general drift of life to have been completely fortunate. By lineage she was of the noblest English blood. Her ancestral grandmother on the mother's side was the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, whose beauty, wit, and genius, and the warm and decided part which she took in the liberal and progressive politics of her day, have become matter of history.

* * * * * *

The Duchess was married to the Duke of Sutherland, then bearing the title of Earl of Gower, in the year of 1823. She was at that time in her seventeenth year, and the Duke was thirty-seven, being twenty years her senior. The match, however, was not only one of the most brilliant in regard to worldly possessions which a subject could make in England, but it was a peculiarly happy one, considered simply in relation to the quality of the individual.

The Duke of Sutherland was one of those refined and delicate characters whose worth can only be fully appreciated on an intimate acquaintance. An unfortunate infirmity of deafness prevented his ever taking part in the public duties of his station, and caused him to bear in the great and brilliant society in which he moved the part of spectator rather than actor.

An observer who has associated with the English nobility much, must have noticed that a certain shrinking shyness is rather characteristic of them. Madame de Stael, in her "Corinne," gives the result of her observation on this point in her character of Lord Nelvil. Much that passes for haughtiness and reserve is often neither more nor less than the remains of an extreme diffidence. In the Duke of Sutherland this shyness was increased by the consciousness of an infirmity which he feared in every company might embarrass those who wished to communicate with him. Master of one of the largest estates in Great Britain, with Stafford House, Trenton Hall, and Dunrobin Castle, each of which could compare favorably with any of the royal residences in Europe, the Duke was always the simplest, the most unostentatious, the most humbly conscientious of human beings. There was something peculiar about his manners in their lowliness and humility: he seemed to ask pardon of the world for holding more of its wealth, power, and splendor than ought to be engrossed by one human being.

In person he was tall and graceful, and his manners were marked by a charm of considerable thoughtfulness for others that was very peculiar. Although his consciousness of his infirmity would have led him to shrink from society, yet he had so considerate a regard for guests in his own house as to always endeavor to make some conversation with each when under his roof; and with such skill and tact did he manage this, that the reply could generally be expressed by a negative or affirmative.

* * * * * *

The writer well remembers one evening during a stay of some days at Dunrobin Castle. The dining-hall was, as usual, brilliantly lighted, and a company of about forty persons, including some of the first rank and beauty among the nobility, were present. The service of the table was even more than usually exquisite in taste and ornamentation, but the Duke sat at the head of all with the gentle thoughtfulness of manner so habitual with him. After a few moments he wrote and passed to the writer these lines of Milman:—

"We sit on a cloud and sing like pictured angels,
And say the world runs smooth, while right below
Welters the vast fermenting heap of life
On which our state is built."

In the conversation that followed, it was evident that his was a delicately and sensitively conscientious spirit, oppressed by worldly greatness as an awful trust and serious responsibility, and pained by many things in the constitution of society which he felt powerless to alter.

* * * * * *

The writer once spent a pleasant day with the Duke and Duchess in riding over their estates, and viewing the various improvements which they were planning for their people. The sensitiveness which the Duke seemed to exhibit to the good or ill fortune of his poorer tenants was quite touching. It had been a very wet season, and when the Duke passed a little patch of wheat, just reaped, and lying exposed to the rain, it really seemed to give him more pain than anything which could have touched himself. Whatever the temptations of rank and station may be to men who look upon them in a different way, it is certain that to the Duke life was one long practice of the duties of fatherly consideration for others.

The Duchess was of a character in many respects different from that of the Duke, but harmoniously adapted to it. She was generous, frank, and confiding, with great powers of enjoyment herself, as well as great power of dispensing joy to others. Life, from the point of view of a beautiful woman, whose very smile makes summer where she moves, cannot be the same that it is to a thoughtful man, who feels chiefly the burden of its responsibilities.

The Duchess inherited no tendency to any form of creative literary or artistic talent: she did not write poems like her grandmother, nor occupy her leisure hours with drawing or painting. The great charm of her nature was its appreciativeness. Artists, poets, and literary men all found in her just enough of their own nature to enable her to understand them. With all the soft repose of manner which high-breeding gives, she possessed the gift of a peculiar magnetic warmth of nature, which dissipated reserve, and in a few moments placed the most diffident at ease with her. This natural advantage had been improved and turned to the best account by culture.—If there be any one word which express the beginning, middle, and end of what is taught to a young woman carefully brought up in the upper ranks of English life, it is Consideration. *Noblesse oblige* is a motto never lost sight of in their early trainings. As soon as a child can open a book or appreciate a picture, it is taught its duty to show something or do something that may contribute to the enjoyment of some friend or visitor; and life is thus made a study of thoughtful attention to others. Such a training as this and such early habits gave to the Duchess of Sutherland, in her magnificent beauty, a sort of divining power by which she was enabled always to say and do the right thing, and to give pleasure to every one who approached her.

One instance of her thoughtfulness is worth mentioning here. In a party that arrived at Dunrobin Castle, one evening, where two young American girls, who never had been in society in their own country. As the party arrived late, they were not dressed in season, when the brilliant dinner-company assembled in the drawing room, previous to passing out to the dinner-table. The Duchess herself, however, attended these guests to their rooms, and saw to their comfort, and, appreciated the natural diffidence of young persons, she bade them not to give themselves any uneasiness, as she would send after them in time for dinner. After a little while, instead of sending a servant to convoy them to the drawing-rooom, she came herself to their appartments, and said, graciously, 'I hope I have not kept you waiting': and taking a hand of each, with motherly tenderness, she led them with her into the drawing-room.—Atlantic Monthly *for February.*

A Touching Story.

OF UNREASONING PARENTAL SEVERITY.

The following narrative from a gentleman in Boston, is true in every particular, and ought to leave an indelible impression upon the mind of every one who reads it, be they parents or not.

A few weeks before he wrote, he had buried his eldest son, a fine, manly little fellow of some eight years of age, who had never, he said, known a day's illness until that which finally removed him hence, to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances which were peculiarly painful to his parents.

A younger brother, a delicate, sickly child from its birth, the next in age to him, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, every precaution had been adopted that prudence suggested to guard the other members of the family against it. But of this one, the father's eldest, he said he had little to fear, so rugged was he, and so generally hearty. Still, however, he kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and docks near his school, which it was his custom sometimes to visit; for he was but a boy, and boys will be *boys*, and we ought more frequently to think that it is their *nature* to be.

One evening this unhappy father came home wearied with a long day's hard labor, and vexed at some disappointments, which had soured his naturally kind disposition, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the smallest annoyance. While he was sitting by the fire in thi unhappy mood of mind, his wife entered the apartment and said:

'Henry has just come in and he is a perfect fright! He is covered from head to foot with dock mud, and is wet as a drowned rat.'

'Where is he?' asked the father sternly.

'He is shivering over the kitchen fire. He was afraid to come up here when the girl told him you had come.'

'Tell Jane to tell him to come here this instant,' was the brief reply to this information.

Presently the poor boy entered, half perished with affright and cold. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly with his disobedience, spoke of the punishment which awaited him in the morning as the penalty of his offence, and in a harsh voice concluded with: 'Now, sir, go to your bed.'

'But father,' said the little fellow, 'I want to tell you'—

'Not a word sir, *go to bed!*'

'I only wanted to say, father, that'—

With a peremptory stamp, an imperative wave of his hand toward the door, and a frown upon his brow, did that father, without other speech, again close the door against explanation or expostulation.

When the boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed, the father sat restless and uneasy while supper was being prepared, and at the tea table ate but little. His wife saw the real cause of his emottion and remarked:

'I think, my dear, you ought at least to have heard what Henry had to say. My heart ached for him when he turned away with his eyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy after all, if he does sometimes do wrong. He is a kind-hearted, affectionate boy. He always was.'

And therewithal the water stood in the eyes of that tender mother, even as it stood in the eyes of Mercy, in the house of the Interpreter, as recorded by Bunyan.

After tea the evening paper was taken up; but there was no news for that father that evening. He sat for some time in an evidently painful reverie, and then arose and repaired to his bed chamber. As he passed the bed room where his little boy slept, he thought he would look in upon him before retiring to rest. He went to his low cot and bent over him. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek, and rested upon it; but he was sleeping calmly and sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness, as he gazed upon his son; he felt also the sense of duty; yet in the night, talking over the matter with the lad's mother, he resolved and promised, instead of punishing as he had threatened, to make amends to the boy's aggrieved spirit in the morning, for the manner in which he had repelled all explanation of his offience.

But that morning never came to the poor child in health. He awoke next morning with a raging fever on his brain and wild with delirium. In forty-eight hours he was in his shroud. He knew neither his father nor his mother when they were called to his bedside, nor at any moment afterward. Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony did that father bend over the couch of his dying son. Once indeed he thought he saw a smile of recognition light up his dying eye, and he leaned eagerly forward, for he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, and been answered: but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold, unmeaning glare, and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, which lasted until death came to his relief.

Two days afterward the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the deceased boy, bringing the low stools on which it was to stand in the entry hall.

'I was with Henry,' said the lad, when he got into the water. We were playing down at the Long Wharf, Henry, and Frank Mumford, and I, and the tide was out very low; and there was a beam run out from the wharf, and Charles got out on it to get a fish line and hook that hung over where the water was deep, and the first thing we saw, he had slipped off and was struggling in the water. Henry threw off his cap and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and after a great deal of hard work got Charles out, and they waded up through the mud to where the wharf was so wet and slippery, and I helped them to climb up the side.—Charles told Henry not to say anything about it, for if he did his father would never let him go near the water again. Henry was very sorry, and all the way home he kept saying, 'what will father say when he sees me to-night? I wish we had not gone to the wharf.'

'Dear, brave boy,' exclaimed the bereaved father; 'and this was the explanation which I so cruelly refused to hear!' And the hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks afresh, and the keenest sorrow and remorse took possession of his heart, to embitter all his future life.

Rosa.

Rosa, our kitchen maid, is eighteen, graceful and trim, and hardly less black than Jacob. She wears dangling ear-rings set with blue glass stones, and a bright pink frock which fits her as neatly as a French grisette's. She had been with us a week or two when Sylvia came into the parlor where we were all sitting.

'What do you think Rosa wants to do?' she said, laughing. 'Actually she desires to come into the parlor and play for us. She says she can sing, and that she plays the organ in the colored Methodist church.

We all cried out let her come in, and in a few minutes, quite radiant and self-conscious, Rosa tripped in to the piano. She struck a few rolling chords, and then began to sing. We all started in amazement. Pure and clear and full of melody, her voice soared like a lark's, and overflowed the room with its volume. We had expected to be amused, but we were dumb with astonishment.

Kate, whose delicate soul finds expression at the piano, but whose voice is hardly strong enough for vocal expression, flushed and trembled with delight as Rosa sang, and, when she ended, murmured with a sigh, almost of envy, 'O, if I had a voice like that!'

Next day I questioned our black swan about her advantages for cultivation. Her father and mother, with their three children, had been slaves till 1865. They had a kind master, and were never sold apart. After becoming free, the parents has put the three girls to school, and now they could read and write, and her father had hired a piano, and all had learned to play a little. Rosa and her second sister 'lived out,' but the youngest, only eleven was still in school.

'We shall make a teacher of my little sister,' said Rosa, complacently, as she told me all this.

'But how did you learn to play and sing so well?' I asked.

'O, I took a few lessons, but I get it mostly by ear. But you ought to hear my next sister play and sing. She can sing splendid: I'm nothing alongside of her.'

'But where do you get your style, Rosa? who taught you to sing in the way you do?'

'Well, I've listened to white folks singing, and two or three times I've been to an opera, and heard ladies sing there. I bet you I listened close. And after that I could just imitate them, every motion.'

It must have been true, for no uncultured voice could have executed a song as Rosa does.—*Atlantic Monthly for February.*

How Thermometers are Made.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

'What is this?' said Lawrence, picking up a piece of glass from the floor. 'It looks like a broken thermometer-tube.'

'It was blown for one,' said the gaffer.

'Blown?—so small?' exclaimed Lawrence. 'I can't find any hole in it.'

'It has a hole—or *bore*, as we call it—of the usual size; but it is flat. That is to make a very little look to be a good deal. Do you see a narrow white stripe running the length of the tube?'

Lawrence saw it, and said he had often observed the stripe in the backs of thermometers, but had never learned what it was for.

'It is a background to see the mercury against. Would you like to see such a tube made? Come here. Watch this man.'

With delight and curiosity Lawrence watched. The man was gathering a lump of metal from one of the pots. He blew into it gently, and shaped it on a marver, flattening it until it resembled in form and size that part of a sword-hilt that is grasped by the hand.

'In flattening it,' said the gaffer, 'he flattened the bubble of air he had blown into it.' Lawrence looked, and could see the bubble, about as broad as his finger, extending through the glass. 'That is to be the bore of the thermometer, though of itself it is now larger than two or three thermometer tubes. Now they are going to put on the stripe.'

A boy brought a lump of melted, opaque, white glass on a ponty. It was touched to the now hardened sword-hilt, and drawn from end to end along the flat side, leaving a stripe about as broad as a lady's finger. The sword-hilt, with the stripe carefully pressed down and hardened upon it, was now plunged into a pot of melted glass, and thickly coated; the soft exterior was rounded on a marver, until the entire body of glass, enclosing the stripe and the flattened bore, was in size and shape a little longer and considerably larger than a banana.

This was now slowly heated to a melting state. Then came forward a boy with a ponty, bearing on its end a piece of glass resembling an inverted conical inkstand. This he set upright on the ground, the bottom of the inkstand uppermost. The blower, with the melting lump, now advanced, and held it over the ponty, until the soft mass dropped down and touched the bottom of the inkstand, to which it adhered. The man and the boy held the lump a moment between them; then, at a word of command, the boy shouldered his ponty, like a very large staff with a very small bundle on the end of it, and set out to travel. As he ran in one direction, into a workroom, the man backed off in the other, the glowing lump stretching between them like some miraculous kind of spruce gum. In a minute they were seventy or eighty feet apart, with a gleaming cord of glass, smaller than a pipe-stem, sagging between them. This was presently lowered, laid out at its full length upon the ground, and broken from what was left of the lump at the ends.

Even the Doctor, who had hitherto said little, now expressed his astonishment and admiration, exclaiming, 'It is marvellous! it is truly marvellous!'

'Of course,' said the gaffer, 'the bore stretches with the tube, and keeps its flattened shape. So does the stripe.'

'But what keeps the tube of uniform size? Why don't it break?' said Lawrence.

'The reason is this. As the glass runs out thin, it cools, and stops stretching, while it continues to draw out the soft glass from the thicker parts at the ends. If we wish to make a small tube, we stretch it quick, without giving it much time to cool. To make a large tube, we stretch slower. Here is a piece of barometer tubing, stretched in the same way: so is this lot of homœopathic medicine vials.' The 'vials' were a small stack of hollow glass canes, about five feet in length, standing in a corner of the workroom, into which the visitors had followed the boy. 'Though, of course,' added the gaffer, 'to make them, we don't flatten the bore, but only blow it larger.'

'Then how are vials made out of these tubes?'

'They are cut into pieces of the right length, then the bottoms are melted and closed in by means of a common blow-pipe, such as chemists use.'

Lawrence was about to ask a similar question with regard to the thermometers, when a man came along, and, stooping, commenced cutting the long tube into uniform lengths of about five feet, and packing them together into a narrow, long box.

'These,' said the gaffer, 'he sends to his shop in Boston,—for he is a thermometer-maker; there they are cut up into tubes of the right length: an end of each one is melted and blown out into a bulb,—the tube itself serving as a very small blowing-pipe. To avoid getting moisture into the bulb, instead of breath from the mouth, air from a small inbia rubber bag is used. As the bag is squeezed at one end, the bulb swells at the other.'

'Then how is the mercury put in? So small a bore!' said Lawrence, trying to find it with a pin point.

'The glass is heated, and that expands the air in it, and expels the greater part of it. As the air that is left cools and contracts, it is made to suck in the mercury. To expel the rest of the air, the mercury is boiled in the tube. When there is enough mercury in the tube to fill it, at as high a degree of temperature as it is expected ever to go, the end is softened, bent over, and closed up. As the mercury cools and contracts, it leaves a vacuum at the upper part of the tube.'—*Our Young Folks for February.*

"JUST THREE MINUTES."—Will we Americans ever learn to eat slowly enough?

While we were sitting in a restaurant last Saturday, a full grown live American took a seat at our table.

"Waiter—"

"Yes, sir."

"Pork and beans—quick!"

The pork and beans were brought. Before taking the first mouthful the gentleman again proceeded:

"And, waiter—any mince pie?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Bring me a piece—and have it here in just three minutes."

The man "came to time" within two minutes—he began on the mince pie just five minutes after he had begun on the pork and beans, and within about nine minutes from the time he sat down he had paid his bill and passed out of the restaurant.

Here is an instance exactly as we saw it last Saturday noon. It is by no means an exceptional case, save that most American business men take about twenty minutes, instead of ten minutes, to do the same thing. There is dyspepsia in every minute less than half an hour that is occupied by the daily lunch.—*N. Y. Mail.*

ITEMS.

—There is no good in preaching to the hungry.

—A juror after serving for some days in a Hartford Court, was discovered to be deaf.

—God gives birds their food, but they must fly for it.

—Gold is an idol worshipped in all climates without a single temple: and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

—An old tobacco chewer finds that the Bible sustains his favorite habit. He quotes: He that is filthy let him be filthy still.

—"You must confess," remarked a New York to a Chicago merchant, as they were discussing the merits of their respective cities, "that New York is the metropolis of the country." "Yes, replied the man of the West, "New York is a right smart place for business. New York is the Chicago of the East.

—"It is a shame, husband, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes.—"Dont say a word about it wife: the least said the soonest mended."

—"Am I not a little pale?" inquired a lady who was short and corpulent, of a crusty old bachelor. "You look more like a big tub!" was the blunt reply.

—An Illinois editor, speaking of a rogue who lived in his vicinity, says:—"The rascal has broke every bank, jail and Salbath we have had in this country for the last five years."

—A German wrote an obituary on the death of his wife, in which he said:—"If mine wife had lived until next Friday, she would have been dead shust two weeks. As the true falls so must it stand.

—A lady asked a noted doctor if he did not think the small bonnets which the ladies wore had a tendency to produce congestion of the brain. "Oh, no," he replied, "ladies that have brains don't wear them."

—A lady asked her little girl, on returning from church, if she remembered the text. "Oh, yes," said she, "it is this—"The ladies' sewing society will meet at Mrs. McCracken's house on Monday evening next."

—A Clock having struck the hour of one, a tender-hearted woman exclaimed: "Oh! what a cruel clock!"—"Why so!" asked a friend. "Because it struck its little one!" answered the tender hearted mother.

—Booth, the tragedian, had a broken nose. A lady once remarked to him:—"I like your acting, Mr. Booth, but to be frank with you, I can't get over your nose!" "No wonder, madam," replied the tragedian, "the bridge is gone!"

—When Sir William Hamilton announced to the Royal Irish Academy his discovery of the central sun—the star around which our orb of day and planetary attendants revolve—a waggish member exclaimed:—"What! our sun's sun? Why that must be a grand sun."

—A Lawyer Nonplussed.—"You say that you know a horse from a jackass when you see them?" asked a counsel of a rather dull-looking witness "Oh, ye-as—just so," drawled out the intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor, "I knows the, and I'd never take you for a horse."

THE SECRET WORD.—Boys and girls, what is it you can never catch, though you chase after it as on the wings of the wind? You can never catch the word that has once gone out of your lips. Once spoken, it is out of your reach: do your best, you can never recall it. Therefore, take care what you say. Never speak an unkind word, an impure word, a lying word or a profane word.

FOSSILS.—The minutest fossil horse yet discovered was lately found by Prof. O. C. Marsh of Yale College in the tertiary deposits of Nebraska. Although full grown, as the ossification of the various bones prove, it is only about two feet high. This makes seventeen species of fossil horse now known to have lived in North America, although until quite recently it was generally believed that there were none indigenous to the continent.